

AN EARNEST
A P P E A L

TO *N*
Passionate People :

WHEREIN

The RISE, PROGRESS, and CONSEQUENCES
of that unhappy Disposition of Mind are
fully displayed ; and the Possibility of con-
quering that Temper, illustrated from se-
veral Characters in real Life.

To which is added,

An E S S A Y

ON

ENVY, MALICE, and DETRACTION.

*There is nothing renders a Person so unhappy to himself, and
all about him, as Passion. It spoils the Features, sours
the Blood, and makes him hated and despised by all who
know him.*

ANON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's-Head*, near
Temple-Bar. 1748.

[Price One Shilling.]

AN EARNEST

APPEAL

TO

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AN ESSAY

ON

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There is nothing so common as a Person being unhappy in his life, and
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the Blood, and again him build and support in all who
know him.

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Printed for W. Owen, at Stewart's Head, near
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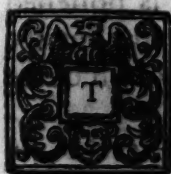
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AN EARNEST
APPEAL
TO
Passionate People.



HERE are few People, who are not acquainted with the Character of a passionate Man; every Man's Experience may point out to him, among the Number of his Acquaintance, some one or other who labours under this Disease of the Mind. By the passionate Man, we do not here mean *The Character briefly described.* the ill-natured, malicious, or vindictive, the surly, morose or sullen; but that testy, peevish Creature, commonly called hasty and passionate; one who is on fire upon every trifling Occasion, raves, rants, and tears for a Moment, and the next Minute subsides to a perfect Calm: He is pleased and displeased at the turning of a Straw, is angry with himself and all about him, without being able to give any rational Account of the Rise of his Passion; affronts his best Friends with-

P. B. 40.

out

C.

out designing it ; and spends his whole Life in one continued Circle of offending and asking Pardon.

They have a Mixture of Good-Nature in their Disposition. This Character has constantly, as an Ingredient in it, a large Share of Good-Nature and Humanity ; which distinguishes him from every other Slave to that turbulent Passion, Anger. As often as the passionate Man is out of this epileptical Fit of the Soul, you find him compassionate in his Temper, forgiving in his Disposition, charitable in his Censures, forgetful of Injuries, and easily appeased, if you have the Prudence to give Way to the first Gust of his Passion, and forbear to irritate him by Opposition, till the Storm has had Time to spend itself in some passionate Expressions.—In a word, he is possessed of every good-natured Qualification, but the Command of his own Temper, to which he is a mere Slave.

That, the only Title they have to Tolerance in Society. This amiable Part of their Character, is the only Thing that makes them tolerable in Society ; for without these lucid Intervals of Good-Nature, which convince us, that they are at other Times out of their Senses, no Man would submit to, or bear with the intolerable Humours of any of them ; and as it is a distinguishing Characteristic of theirs, to carry every Thing to Extreame, they frequently err as much in Good-Nature as in Violence of Temper ; but as this Extream hurts only themselves or Families, the rest of the Society are not so much concerned at it ; and sometimes allow this boundless obliging

ing Disposition to atone in some Measure for their hasty Outrages ; or at least it prevails on their Acquaintance to have so much Charity for them as not to knock them on the Head as publick Nufances, or confine them to an Hospital as Madmen.

This Malady of the Mind, proceeds not only from a Predominancy of Choler in the Constitution, but owes its Birth to Pride, Self-conceit, and Want of Thought, with several other unsocial Affections, deeply rooted in the Soul.

That Pride enters chiefly into the Composition of this common, but unnatural Disease, is evident from the smallest Reflection : Let the passionate Man deliver his Opinion on the most trifling Subject, if he meets with the least Contradiction, you find him instantly in a Blaze ; he fancies to himself, that his Dictates ought to be received as Oracles, and that no Man is worthy of holding an Argument with him ; you affront his Judgment when you suppose, by the most distant Hint, that he is capable of erring ; and though he is obliged, every Moment he lives, to the Courtesy of those he converses with, for Forgiveness of natural Frailties and Inadvertency, yet no Man must approach him who is not possessed of Impecability, or subject himself to the grossest Outrage from the first Emotion of his Madness. Can any thing betray greater Pride and Self-conceit, than this Conduct ? Yet, as often as we give way to the fiery Passion, we discover

Pride and Self-conceit the chief Source of this Disposition.

that our Souls are tainted with these Fiend-like Affections.

*Want of
Thought
another
Spring ;*

Want of Thought is the least odious Spring of this Distemper ; and the constant Excuse these Madmen offer in Attonement of their Folly, they have so quick a Sense of Things, that they never give themselves Time to consult their Understanding, but fly away with the first Hint, without ranging their Ideas like rational Beings, or weighing Circumstances before they pretend to give Judgment ; thus they are eternally in an Error, which they embrace with Obstinacy, and defend with frantick Fury ; Want of Thought makes them embrace any Absurdity, and the same unthinking Disposition, renders them incapable of ever being in the right ; at least, if they are, it is by meer Chance, and from no rational Induction, of which they are for the most part utterly incapable: Nay, it is their Misfortune, that the more you endeavour to convince them of a Mistake, the more tenacious they grow of their Opinion ; their want of Thought will not allow them to listen to calm Reason, and their Pride hinders them from giving Way to any Degree of Conviction ; according to them, to acknowledge being in an Error, would be giving up the Superiority of their Judgment, and owning a Weakness inconsistent with their universal Claim to Infallibility.

*And their
common A-
pology.*

This is their Case when they are in their Fit, but if you catch them in one of their lucid Intervals, they honestly acknowledge their Folly, and ascribe their former Behavi-

our

our to want of Reflection : This is the genteel Turn they give the Caprice ; I am a thoughtless passionate Creature, and my Passion does not allow me to reflect upon what I say, on these Occasions ; I hope you will excuse my Rudeness to you ; I hope I said nothing unmannerly ; if I have, I am heartily sorry for it, I most humbly beg your Pardon. This is their common Apology, which if you put into plain *English* amounts to this, I am, Sir, at some particular Times seized with Fits of Madness ; during the Paroxysm I am utterly incapable of any Reflection upon what I do or say ; if I spit in your Face, give you the Lye, or knock you on the Head, on such Occasions, I pray pardon me as you would any of my Brethren in *Moorfields* ; I am, now that I am out of the Fit, sorry that it is my Misfortune to be subject to such an unhappy Disorder. This is the real Sense of the common Apology these passionate People make as often as they offend, and have returned to their Senses; and yet they would be ashamed to express themselves in that Language, they give their Words a different Turn, and like other Madmen cannot be convinced themselves, nor would willingly allow others to think they are at any Time Candidates for a Cell in Bedlam.

To trace this Weakness to its Original, *This Passion in* we must go back as far as our Birth ; we find it sometimes imbibed with the first *some Hereditary* Principles of Life, and interwoven with the *Stamina Vita*. The Parent has unhappily possessed

possessed himself of it, from his Ancestor, or acquired it by the Force of Habit and Education, and communicates the baneful Taint to his unhappy Offspring: Thus whole Families, whole Tribes, and sometimes whole Nations, are distinguished from the rest of Mankind by this contagious Disease; and they and their latest Posterity live in a continued Passion, are uneasy to themselves, a Plague to their Neighbours, and the Pest of Civil Society; the Madness runs in the Blood, the Son enjoys the Father's Folly by Inheritance, and his Title to a Madhouse, by a Prescription of many Generations.

*Yet these
are not in-
curable.*

These hereditary Lunatics are indeed to be pitied, and deserve our Compassion more than any else of the Species, but they are far from being incurable. The Distemper can never be so deep-rooted as not to be capable of being erased from the Soul: Passions of all Kinds are Exotics in the Human Mind; it is not their natural Soil; they are bred there by Accident like Weeds, and grow to Maturity for want of Care and Culture: It is in the Body the Seeds of these Evils are lodged, which by their Influence contaminate the Soul, dull its natural Faculties, and deprive Reason of its Influence and Efficacy.

The Human Mind, the pure Emanation of the Divinity, can never be inherently possessed of those Affections, which are the Origin of moral Evil; the Author of our Being, when he breathes into us the Breath
of

of Life, and speaks us into Existence, leaves our Minds a pure *Tabula rasa* capable of any Impression, and free from all innate Prepossession in Favour of Vice or vicious Habits, but more susceptible from its own Nature of virtuous and social Affections. Our Soul is created in a State of moral Rectitude, but receives its vicious Tinctures from the Body, and is warped into its present perverse and crooked Disposition by the Influence of the Senses. Consequently, whenever Man attempts to subdue his Passions, and put them under the regular Government of their natural Sovereign Reason, the irrational Part must submit to the rational, the Brute must yield to the Man, and the Soul in the Event gain the Superiority over every Passion or Appetite, however deeply rooted in the Mind.

This fiery Foible is not only born with many of us, and held by Hereditary Tendency, but we suck it in with our Nurse's Milk; we are nourished with the deadly Poison, and receive the first Principles of the Contagion from the fiery Disposition of our Nurses. That we receive the Seeds of many natural Distempers from the mercenary Nipple, fatal Experience teaches the proud and unnatural Mother, who, to gratify her Pride, Lust, or Laziness, robs her Infant Son of the natural Breast, and suckles him by the first Female that offers, without consulting the Health, Constitution, or natural Disposition of the Hireling; though all these are to be

*The true
Exercise
of Reason
gets the
better of
this and
every o-
ther Pas-
sion.*

*We re-
ceive it
from the
Nurse.*

the

the component Parts of the Hopes of her Family, and the Heir of her Estate.

All Mankind are agreed, that whatever Diseases the Nurse labours under, the Child she suckles is tainted by them: And about these they are in some measure solicitous, though not so much as the Consequence of Things requires; but with regard to her Temper or Disposition of Mind, they give themselves no Manner of Trouble, and can by no Means be persuaded, that a passionate, sullen, or malicious Disposition is to be communicated in the same Manner as the Evil or other Chronick Distempers are: When a Son discovers the Temper of the Father or Mother, we are apt enough to acknowledge the Origin of the Disposition, and excuse it by being constitutional; but we are seldom at the Trouble of tracing those Evils to the Nurse, or believing that the latent Seeds were sucked with the Milk: But however unwilling we are to believe it, as it tends to discourage the pernicious Custom of employing hired Nurses, yet there is no Truth so evident, than that half the Evils of Life take their Rise from this Fountain: As the Juices of the Nurse make up the Principles of the Blood of the Child she suckles, it is apparent the Temper of the Infant must receive a Tincture from their Influence, unless we are so weak as to believe that the Crasis of the Blood, or the Predominancy of peculiar Humours, has no Influence upon our Dispositions; if so, how much has that Parent to answer for, who
not

not content with supplying the Child with her own vicious Passions and Affections, and entrailing upon him her own predominant Humour, loads him with an additional Curse, the Repetition of all those Evils in a Nurse, with the Weight of many others, which perhaps were Strangers to her Blood, or that of her Husband : If Passion, Spleen, or any other sanguinary Passion, is communicated from their Prevalency in the Parent, they must receive double Strength, if they meet with the same Materials in the Dispositions of the Nurse : The Child, as possessed of both their Portions, must find these Passions grow apace, and must sink under the Weight ; and if he is so unlucky as to meet with a Nurse who to Passion and Spleen, adds Malice, Lust, and Revenge, or any other more turbulent Passion, how difficult must it be to get the better of these Mischiefs ? and how hard the Task of Reason to combat them ?

I have more Cause than most Men to dread the Effects of this Disposition ; therefore have been solicitous, ever since I was capable of distinguishing its Consequences, to trace it to its original Spring ; and from my own Experience, I have known more People receive its first Tincture from the Disposition of the Nurse, than from all other Causes put together ; and within these few Years, one Family has supplied me with two or three Instances to confirm me in my Conjecture.

Both the Parents are of a natural, easy social Disposition of Mind ; nothing sullen, morose, peevish, or passionate, discovers itself in either of their Tempers ; they live in perfect Harmony with each other, and deservedly enjoy the Friendship and Esteem of all their Acquaintance. This happy Couple had been married for some Years, without having any Children , but about eight Years ago the Lady conceived, and was delivered of two Boys, as like one another in Feature as it is possible to imagine, insomuch that though I am as much in their Family as my own, I cannot at this Day distinguish between the Boys by either Voice or Face, without the Help of a Distinction in Cloaths, which the Parents are obliged to make them wear for more Reasons than one.

The Lady, though of a Fortune above the middle Rank of Life, was so much overjoyed at being a Mother, that she was not ashamed, nor thought it beneath her Birth or Quality to become a Nurse, and give suck to the eldest Twin : Her Fondness for her Issue had no Bounds, she was willing to have suckled them both, and has often since with Tears in her Eyes lamented that she did not ; but her Husband, who is dotingly fond of her, and was with Difficulty perswaded to yield that she should nurse one of them, would not consent that she should endanger her Health or that of the Children, by undertaking a Task for which her Constitution was too delicate ; and the Lady was constrained to hire a Nurse for

for the youngest : A *Welchwoman* was pitched upon by the Advice of some of the best Physicians in Town. She was a young Woman just turned of Twenty-two, of a healthy, clean, robust Constitution, had Plenty of Milk, and of that Quality which the Physicians fancy the best ; but her Temper, which she artfully coucealed for some Months, the most violent and passionate that ever *Welchwoman* was possessed of ; I had seen the Nurse before she was hired, and I own her Country, which I think produce the most of this Sort of People of any on the Face of the Earth, and something in her Physiognomy created in me some Doubts about her Temper, which I was so candid as to communicate to my Friends ; however, they had received a very good Character of the Woman from the Neighbourhood where she had lived, and rallied me upon my Notion of the Temper of the Nurse being communicable to the Child ; and as my Notions this Way were publickly known in the Family, the Lady undertook to convince me, from the Experience of her two Sons, that I was possessed with a meer Chimera ; and in my own Mind I resolved to allow my Opinion to stand or fall by the Success of this Trial ; for I could never wish for a fairer Opportunity. I was convinced, from my own Knowledge of the Parents, that the Seeds of Passion or Peevishness could not naturally take their Rise from them ; and I had an Opportunity from my Connection with the Family, to observe

(if any Thing of this discovered itself) how far it might owe its Birth to Education : And I had besides Reason to expect, that a Simularity of Temper would prevail in the Children, since in most Twins I ever have heard of, a Sameness of Affection, and Disposition has been remarked.

But a few Months passed, when we discovered the Turbulence of Nurse's Disposition. All the Pains imaginable were taken to humour her, and prevent her Caprice from boiling over, but nothing would do ; it was impossible to keep her in any Equanimity of Temper ; every Trifle discomposed her Looks, and the smallest Opposition to her Will, or Neglect of her Orders, raised a Storm in the Nursery louder than many Boatswains in a Hurricane : The Lady was uneasy, but her Fears were directed to quite different Objects from mine ; she was only solicitous about her Son's Health, and dreading the nutritive Quality of the Milk ; but I was in Pain to imagine that the Son of my Friend was drinking the Seeds of his future Miseries, and with his Strength was acquiring Humours that would one Day render him both unhappy and ridiculous : As to my Fears, they were esteemed visionary, but the Lady's were real and of Moment ; however, she was in a little Time perfectly easy, since she found the Child thrive, and that no bad Symptoms discovered themselves either in the Nurse or Child after these Tempests of Passion and Outrage ; and gave Orders to the Servants to study Nurse's Temper as
much

much as it was in their Power ; by this Means she grew a meer Devil, and the Plague of the whole Family, that were within the Verge of her Tongue.

Both the Children continued in a thriving State, and in about nine Months Time were weaned, about which Time it was easy to discover an uncommon Sympathy betwixt them ; one had scarce the least Dream or Illness, but in a few Minutes discovered it-
 self in the other : They both took the Small Pox in one Day, cut their Teeth in the same Manner and at the same Time, and went through the several Diseases incident to Children, as if they had breathed by Organs common to them both : While they were at the Breast, I had but seldom an Opportunity of observing the youngest, but when they both went to a Dry-Nurse, I could discover that the Sympathy which plainly discovered itself in their Constitution, did not at all subsist in their Disposition. The eldest was quiet and easier pacified than most Children are, but the youngest was peevish, fretful, and easily put out of Humour ; for the first two Years the Difference was not so much adverted to by any body else ; but when it became too apparent to slip the Observation of a discreet Parent, she confessed to me then, that *James*, (for so was the youngest called) was more the Son of his Nurse than he was her's. She could see Passion, Obstinacy, Self-will, and Impatience of Contradiction, stifling every other Disposition. The Manner, the very Look of the Nurse could
 be

be traced in the Infant, and I am afraid will display themselves in legible Characters when he comes of full Age: Both the Children have had the same Care taken in their Education, have been under the same Masters, have almost the same Genius for Knowledge, continue the same Sympathy in their Constitutions, the Likeness in Features, but differ widely in their Dispositions. The eldest, *Jack*, is a Boy of a sprightly Genius, quick Wit, and ready Apprehension, but remarkably mild in his Deportment, and more than ordinarily compassionate: The other comes in no Measure short of him in Capacity, but has a Fierceness in his Way, which renders even every indifferent Action of his, disagreeable; he is impatient of the least Degree of Contradiction, and his Tutor must allow him to take his own Way, for nothing is to be done with him by Opposition; and he has something of Cruelty in his Temper, which may be discerned by the Torture to which he puts all the Birds, Cats and Dogs he meets with: To see these Animals in the Agonies and Convulsions of Death gives *James* Pleasure, while the elder Brother turns his Head from the shocking Scene, and weeps in Compassion to the suffering Brute: In a Word, *James* is the Picture of the Welch Nurse, and as much a Taffy, as if he had been born in the midst of *Wales*; while *Jack*, who was suckled by his Mother, is the Picture of her Disposition, and discovers the Rudiments of every amiable Qualification which adorn that Lady's Character. This Instance of the Son
of

of my Friend, has confirmed me in the Opinion, that nothing can be more unnatural or unjust than the Practice of venal Nurses; and that this Evil we are now treating of, with all the black List of Passions that disgrace Humanity, have often their Rise from this Source.

*Whoever can enough those Parents blame,
Who, careless of a Mother's sacred Name,
To Hireling Nurses their poor Infants trust,
To such as neither can or will be just:
For ill the Business by that Nurse is done,
Who for another's Child neglects her own.
Oft at a venal Pap they suck their Bane,
And in their Blood the latent Plague retain:
But of those Evils, not to speak, that flow
From the first Draughts, and with the Body
grow:*

*The Mind's affected by corrupted Juice,
If bad the Milk, the Manners may be loose:
Who knows not that a Whore's malignant
Pap*

*Corrupts the Infant in her wanton Lap,
With Lust and impious Fires it fills his
Breast,*

And seldom is the Child, so suckled, chaste.

Such as receive the Seeds of this unhappy Disposition of Mind from the Constitution of their Parents, or the vicious Disposition of their Nurses, are thus far unculpable themselves; they may mourn the Misfortune, if they cannot get the better of it, but cannot

cannot justly be upbraided with it unless they neglect to use their Endeavours entirely to erase it, or at least to conquer the Malignancy of its Effects : But though they have this Plea, yet they are not less tolerable in Society, or less troublesome to themselves and their Acquaintance ; they are free from the Remorse of thinking, that their Misfortunes are owing originally to their own Conduct, and ought to make this Use of it in the Intervals of their Reflections, to avoid as much as is in their Power being the Cause of infecting their Posterity with that which they must find so odious in themselves.

Parents are therefore answerable for those Vices which they communicate to their Children from their own Constitution, as well as for the Consequences of such as the Child imbibes from the Nurse of their chusing, the Nature of their Education, or the Example they give them ; for by all these Means this Distemper is propagated.

We have already treated of the Hereditary passionate Man, and the Suckled Madman ; we now come to inquire into the Case of such as are so by Education, and have acquired it in the Nursery, or in their Infant Years.

It is acquired by Education.

If we seriously consider the Matter, we shall find there are more Vices owe their Rise and Progress in our Tempers to the Force of Habit, Example, or Education, than to any radical Principles in our Constitution ; though the Seeds of these last are confessed by many, yet they are not by far so

so numerous, as those imbibed by early Habits, and those Vices that are really Constitutional receive their Strength from our want of timely correcting them, and meet with additional Fuel from those others which take their Source from a vicious or unguarded Education.

Our habitual Vices, though not so deeply rooted as those of our Constitution, yet affect us with but few Degrees less Violence: It is a common Saying, Custom becomes a second Nature, and holds true in vicious and virtuous Affections; but whether it is owing to that Depravity of human Nature which Divines understand by Original Sin, or to any other Cause which we cannot account for, we find that vicious Inclinations are much easier acquired, much more difficult to be subjected to the Government of Reason, more permanent and more violent in their Effects, than any Thing that has the Tincture of Virtue.

Thus the least Negligence of the Parent, in the Education of a Child, who has the smallest Degree of Choler in his Disposition, is apt to beget and nurse this fiery Foible, and many Children who are rather phlegmatick than otherwise, are spoiled by the capricious Indulgence of a too fond Mother, and a Turn given to his Mind so early, when he is most susceptible of these Impressions, which renders him unhappy all the Remainder of his Life.

Florinda was the only Child of an honourable Family; and as such was doated upon

*The Instance of
Florinda.*

upon to a Degree of Distraction; her Disposition, naturally, was far from being choleric; in her Infancy she seemed rather phlegmatick, discovered few or no Symptoms of Passion or Ill-Nature, was a quiet Child, no ways fractious or peevish, and in all Probability might have tasted some of that Happiness which her large Fortune entitles her to, had her natural Inclinations been duly cultivated; but an unhappy Accident gave her Infant Temper a quite different Turn, which has since sowed all the Enjoyments of Life: When she was but just turned of four Years of Age, both her Parents died, and left her and her large Estate to the Care of her Grandmother: In a few Months after, she was taken with the Measles, and remained for some time in a sickly State of Health, after the Symptoms of that Distemper had ceased. During this Indisposition, (as it is natural for Children in these Circumstances) she grew peevish and fretful; the Grandmother, out of Fondness, endeavoured to humour her as much as possible; Miss finding herself so much indulged, and that the shortest Way to obtain her little Wishes, was to cry and whimper at every the least Contradiction, improved her Opportunity so well, that nothing, however capricious, was denied her: When she had recovered a confirmed State of Health, her Grandmother attempted to retrench some of those Indulgencies which her Indisposition had obliged her to grant; but Miss had got so strong a Habit of flying into Passions upon

upon every trifling Occasion, that the old Lady, who had too much Fondness for her to use Chastisement, was obliged to yield to her Inclinations as formerly, for fear, as she alledged, the Child should throw herself into a Fit of Sickness by Opposition to her Temper. Thus Miss continued her peevish Humours without Controul, so long that they became a Part of her natural Temper, and increased as she advanced in Years: When she was of Age to be put to a Boarding-School, strict Injunctions were laid upon the Mistress not to treat her with Severity; which was, in other Words, to give her her Way in every Thing. This was punctually obeyed, and Miss became the Plague of the whole School; no Temper could please her for any Space of Time, she grew proud, haughty, and imperious, and upon the smallest Opposition would fly into the most indecent Outrages, both against the Scholars and her Tutores; but all these must be borne with, for fear of disobliging her Grandmother, who was too much blinded by her Affections to foresee the pernicious Consequence of this turbulent and ungovernable Spirit: She had her Intervals of Good-Nature like all other passionate People, and would at those Times express a Concern for her Indecencies; but the next Minute would relapse into her former Humours.

The more she advanced in Years, the further she was removed from any Measures to reclaim her: She was past the Season of Chastisement, and Reason had too little Ef-

fect upon her unthinking Mind, to be capable of working a Change in a Habit so deeply rooted; so that she left the Boarding School, with more Knowledge of some Female Accomplishments, but a much less agreeable Temper of Mind than she entered it. Her Grandmother's Death left her Mistress of herself and Fortune; when she was turned of Eighteen, she chose her Uncle by the Father's Side her Guardian, and went to live at his House. He was old, and his Temper sowered by the Gour, with which he was continually laid up: He had a Kind of Antipathy almost to all Women, and an utter Aversion to all those Gaieties in which young Women of Fashion indulge themselves: This was sufficient to set him and his Ward at Variance, and furnished them with continual Matter of Dispute. Miss had been hitherto an utter Stranger to all Manner of Contradiction, and found herself all of a sudden subjected to a constant Opposition to all her Actions: As they were both passionate, and neither of them possessed either with Sense or Good Nature enough to make Allowances for one another's Tempers, the House was one continued Scene of Jars and Squabbles; Fury and Outrage possessed each of them, not by Turns but in Concert; they differed, but it was always in the same Note and Tone of Voice, each endeavoured to outscold one another, and neither thought of yielding, till they had exhausted their Spirits in mutual Railings; but as old People are obstinate as well as peevish, Miss found herself

herself obliged to submit to her Guardian's Directions, though in Revenge she indulged herself in the most indecent Language, which the old Gentleman returned as loud as his Lungs would permit: They lived so long in this Manner, that they contracted an unfeigned and mutual Hatred, and lived together, rather out of Opposition and Spite, than from any Remains of Duty and Affection.

Miss's Fortune which was large, and her Person which was not disagreeable, brought her several Suitors, but the Uncle and she could never agree in their Choice; each had previously determined to oppose the other in the grand Concern; Miss had in her own Mind fixed upon a Man of some Quality, and an equal Fortune, but her Guardian would not hear of it, though he had no very material Objection, either to the Gentleman's Fortune or Character. They were one Day in high Dispute upon this Subject, when Miss had wrought herself up to such a Height of Passion, that she made a solemn Vow she would marry the first Person that asked her the Question, in order to spite her Uncle: She had scarce left his Chamber, when a Gentleman was introduced to her, on the Subject of Marriage, by one of those Women, who make a Trade of ruining the Unwary: He had a genteel Person and Carriage, and was of a Nation remarkable for Assurance and Success with the Ladies; he addressed her in the lucky Minute, and she without consulting any thing but her Passion, and impressed at that Time with
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the Obligation of her rash Vow, consented to be privately married that Night. The Ceremony was performed by a Romish Priest, and consummated in a Bagnio, where she went masked : She returned to her Uncle's House about Twelve at Night, and went to Bed immediately, where she began to reflect upon the Transactions of the preceding Day ; but how great her Distraction, when she came coolly to examine her Conduct in an Affair of the last Importance to her future Happiness ; she had married a Man utterly a Stranger to her, she knew only his Name from the Creature that introduced him, was entirely ignorant of his Character or Fortune, and from the Reputation of his Native Country, had strong Reason to suspect him as a Cheat. If at any time her sanguine Hopes happened to flatter her with his being at least a Gentleman of Honour and Reputation, this Reflection occurred, that her precipitate yielding to his Addresses at the first Motion and Interview, gave her no Title to his Esteem or good Usage ; she was sensible her Relations would despise her, and she stood so indifferently with all of them, that there was not one Creature alive she could apply to for Advice, but the Wretch who had sold her, one of no higher Station than her Hair-Cutter. She passed the Remainder of the Night in the utmost Agitation of Mind, without shutting her Eyes ; early next Morning, she sent for the Hair-Cutter, and began to catechise her with relation to the Match

Match into which she had inveigled her : This Creature understood her Trade, and gave a very advantageous Character of her new Spouse, that he was a Man of a good Family and large Fortune in *Ireland*, had large Sums of Money in the Public Funds, and lived in great Splendor : As we are easily induced to believe what we wish, *Florinda* flattered herself all was Gospel she uttered ; at least the Thoughts of finding him otherwise than this Wretch represented him, was so troublesome to her, that she could not give Way to any Doubt her Reason suggested, contrary to the Truth of what she so solemnly averred. Her Mind was now somewhat more composed, and she consulted with her Confidant, in what Manner to correspond with her Spouse, so as to keep the Marriage a Secret for some Months, till she came of Age ; that Matter was soon adjusted, and the new-married Couple passed that Time agreeable enough : As their Meetings were but seldom, they both put on their best Looks, and were too much taken up with the first Raptures of Possession, to discover their natural Infirmities, which it was both their Interests to conceal. But this Sunshine of Happiness did not last long ; *Florinda* came of Age, and our *Irishman* took Possession of his Wife and her Fortune, when the whole Mystery was unravelled ; our Man of Fortune and Family turned out to be no less than a common Sharper, lived by the lowest Arts of Gaming, and was possessed of no one Qualification in Nature
to

to entitle him to the Esteem or Character of a Gentleman ; he had neither Good Sense, Honesty, nor Good-Nature, nor the Prudence to conceal his Want of either with any tolerable Address. *Florinda's* Relations resented the Match so highly, that all of them abandoned her, and left her to the Mercy of her new Husband. She was no sooner sensible of the Trick had been put upon her, than she resented it upon her Husband in all the opprobrious Terms her violent Temper could suggest ; he had neither Good Sense nor Good-Nature to bear with her Reproaches, but returned them in Kind ; he was as passionate as she, so that in less than a Month's Time, they lost all Sense of Decency, and railed at one another incessantly. The least Trifle put them both in a Flame, and all about them lived in a continued Storm. They removed from *London* to *Dublin*, where their Jarrs became the Subject of publick Diversion : *Florinda's* capricious Temper gained her daily new Enemies, and lost her the Friendship of such as were inclinable to compassionate her Misfortune, of being sold to a Rascal without Honour or Character.

Their Jarrs hourly increased, at last from Words they proceeded to Blows, and in the Event a Separation ensued ; *Florinda*, of all the immense Fortune she brought the Tyrant her Spouse, could only prevail on him to allow her Fifty Pounds a Year to live upon. With this poor Allowance she came to *London*, and lived for some time with a Relation

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in low Circumstances, but her Temper was such, that no Misfortunes could alter, nor no Person out of the reach of starving would submit to, and therefore she was obliged to move her Lodgings; but she could not be tolerated any where above a Month, and so was at last constrained to take a small House in the Skirts of the Town, but even there she could not be happy; she fell out with her Maid, and dismissed two or three of them in a Month, and is obliged to live more than half the Year without any, because she can get none that can bear with her Temper: Thus she leads a melancholy retired Life, a Burthen to herself and all that know her, without being Mistress of so much Resolution, as to attempt to bridle this fiery Disposition. She is as sensible as any of her Misfortune, and can rally her own Caprices on some Occasions with a great deal of Humour, yet act the same Scene over again, the next Minute.

This is but one melancholy Instance of Passion being acquired by Habit, and nourished by too much Indulgence of Parents; many more might be given, where the best natural Tempers have been spoiled by this unreasonable Fondness; all Children love Indulgence, and hate Contradiction, and the Habits they acquire in their tender Years are always with Difficulty curbed, grow up as Part of their Constitution, and act with the same Degree of Force as if they resulted from the Disposition of their Humours. As they are susceptible of bad Impressions, so

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their young Minds are then most capable of receiving the Seeds and first Principles of Virtue. A little Care and Industry in checking the first Appearance of Vices and Passion, and nourishing the Dawnings of Good-Nature, may give them a Turn of Mind, that may insure their future Happiness and Tranquility; whereas the least Neglect, or Encouragement given to a peevish, fretful Temper, leads them into an Ocean of Misery, and sowers every Comfort of their future Life.

This Passion grows upon us in adult Age. We owe this hasty Foible, not only to the tainted Constitution of our Parents, to a passionate Nipple, and too indulgent Education, but it sometimes grows upon us in adult Age. We may come into the World without any unreasonable Degree of Choler in our Blood, and arrive at the Age of Manhood, without being tainted with the ugly Disease, yet suffer it to steal upon our Temper; and tho' not natural to our Soil, may nourish it in our Disposition, till it becomes too strong for our future Efforts to get rid of.

The Character of Silvius.

Silvius, was a Gentleman of a good Family but small Fortune, in the West of *England*; on his first Appearance in the World, he had the Character deservedly of a Man of uncommon Good-Nature, Humanity and Charity, and was possessed of every amiable Qualification to recommend him to the Judicious of either Sex, without any Mixture of Vice, except a small Dash of Pride, which was only conspicuous on some Occasions.

sions. About the Age of Twenty-five he made Suit to the Daughter of a neighbouring Justice, but was repulsed in such Manner as inflamed his Pride : To get rid of the Shagreen occasioned by this Disappointment, he came up to *London*, in order to pass the Winter, where he got into Company with some Sharpers, who dipped him so far in Play as to hurt his Estate, and involve his Circumstances. This, added to his Disaster in Love, sent him down into the Country, over-run with Spleen and Uneasiness, which he unhappily indulged to such a Degree, that the formerly complaisant, good-natured, and obliging *Silvius*, is become as peevish as it is possible, frets and fumes at every Trifle, and affronts his Friends without any Provocation : His old Servants, who had lived with him from a Child, are obliged to leave him, and those who supplied their Places are changed oftener than the Moon ; nothing can be done to please him, nor is it possible for him to continue in one Temper a Quarter of an Hour together.

The Case of *Silvius* is but too common, few People are able to bear Disappointments with Equipanimity of Temper, and if these return often, the Shagreen settles in the Disposition and alters the whole Man, unless due Care be taken to dislodge the unnatural Guest, before he has taken too deep Root, or grown too strong for the Efforts of Reason.

Thus I have traced this Passion to all its *Les Sources*
Sources ; we see Pride, Self-conceit, and *re-capitu-*
lated,

want of Thought, with lucid Intervals of Good-Nature, enter chiefly into its Composition ; that the Seeds of it are either radical in our Constitution, and handed down to us by Hereditary Taint, or imbibed from the natural Disposition of the Nurse, acquired by Habit and Education in our more tender Years, or allowed to grow upon us in adult Age, by yielding to casual and accidental Shagreen.

*Several
Degrees of
passionate
People.*

As there are different Means of acquiring this Disposition of Mind, so there are different Degrees of passionate People ; I shall divide them only into three Classes, under one or other of which may be comprehended the whole Species of these tolerated Lunatics. The first and lowest Degree I shall distinguish by the Name of *the Peevish* ; the second by *the Noisy* ; and the third *the Outragious*.

The Peevish is the first Degree.

The first differs from all the rest in this respect, that he confines his Passion within more Bounds : He, like them, is easily moved, and his Temper soon ruffled, but he frets inwardly, and does not give such large Vent to his Spleen ; he expresses himself on these Occasions in short passionate Monosyllables, or at most in some laconic fiery Ejaculation ; Damn it ! God's Curse ! Good God how I am plagued ! What a Block-head you are ! It is impossible to bear this ! are the common Expletives of the inward Boilings of his Spleen ; he is constantly in a Flurry of Spirits, and the least Trifle in Nature renders him incapable of thinking or acting like another Man. These are generally

nerally Men of tender Constitutions and weak Lungs ; they are not able to vociferate so much as the strong and robust, their Passion checks their Utterance, and when they are wound up to the highest Pitch of Phrensy they are utterly silent, but ready to burst with Rage.

I chanced the other Day to call at the Shop of *Horticultus*, a Tradesman, who is of the Class of passionate People, though when out of his Fits, a Man of as much Good Nature, Complaisance, and Good Sense as most in his Profession. I could see Disorder in his Countenance, and that he could scarce answer me with common Civility, though I flatter myself I am pretty much in his Esteem ; I asked him for something in his Way, which he went to look for, but in vain ; the more he sought, the further he was from finding it ; this heightened his former Shagreen, and he could not forbear uttering some of his passionate Expletives, and was for half an Hour in Search of what was just at his Hand ; but his Mind was so discomposed, that he was incapable of thinking or searching with Deliberation : As he entered upon Business, his Reason flowed in apace, and in a few Minutes his Looks and Gestures became serene, and he could talk rationally ; I then took the Liberty to ask him, What had put him so much out of Temper ? He told me, smiling, “ A meer
 “ Trifle ; I am ashamed to own it, but you
 “ know my Weakness and will excuse it ;
 “ it was only my Apprentice, who staid
 “ some

*Character
 of Horti-
 culus.*

“ some Minutes longer of an Errand than
 “ I judged he had Occasion; my Impa-
 “ tience made me believe he loitered, that
 “ put me in a Passion, out of which I had
 “ not recovered when you came in.” He
 ridiculed his own Foible with abundance of
 Humour, and lamented his Failing, in Terms
 that shewed him sensible of the unhappy
 Consequences: He told me, as his Business
 frequently required Dispatch, and Compo-
 sure of Temper at the same Time, he was
 frequently delayed by the very Means which
 he intended should forward his Work. “ If,
 “ says he, it happens when I am in that
 “ Hurry, that any thing I call for is not
 “ immediately brought me, my Passion
 “ boils, and renders me utterly incapable
 “ of proceeding; so that sometimes I am
 “ undoing instead of forwarding myself and
 “ those about me; all runs into Confusion,
 “ unless I can recover out of that Fit of
 “ Passion; it makes all my Servants uneasy,
 “ and stupifies their Intellects: As I am not
 “ on these Occasions rational in my Com-
 “ mands, they are apt to commit Mistakes
 “ which heighten my Spleen, so that some-
 “ times for an Hour together I continue in
 “ this Agony and Flurry of Spirits; it
 “ preys upon my Constitution, and wastes
 “ insensibly my natural Strength: I would
 “ give the World to get rid of this Mala-
 “ dy, but I fear I am too old, and have
 “ not Patience to undergo the Fatigues of a
 “ Cure.

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The second Class I distinguished by *the Noisy Noisy*; these are People of much stronger Lungs than the former, and are most commonly of the Feminine Gender. The Ladies have a Volubility of Tongue upon all Occasions; but the passionate Woman has a peculiar Talent at Elocution; they are as easily moved as those I have classed among the peevish, but are in no such Danger of choaking with their Passion; their Spirits are indeed inflamed, but they give Vent to the combustible Matter by downright Scolding, and scorn to confine themselves to the laconic Dialogue of those formerly described; they expatiate upon the Matter with all the Flowers of passionate Eloquence, and amplify on a Monosyllable for Hours together, if their Fit lasts so long; they differ only from *the Outragious*, that they have some Grains of Discretion in their Anger, and confine it to the Exercise of Words without coming to Blows.

Furriosa is of this Class, she was married young, and happily for her to a Man of as large a Share of Sense as Fortune: She is a Heroine among the passionate People, and if there was a Crown to be gained by fretting, *Furriosa* would certainly be declared Queen. Every Trifle puts her into a Passion, and the least Degree of Opposition stark mad; if her Bell is not answered at the first Pull, she is ready to pull down the House, and can scold for an Hour together on such an important Occasion; I had the Misfortune to call on her Husband about a Week

Week ago, and found my Lady in one of her strong Fits ; my Appearance, though pretty much a Stranger to her, could not allay her Passion ; she went on railing at her Waiting-Maid, who stood trembling at one Corner of the Room with uncommon Behaviour. She went through all the Phrases peculiar to *Billingsgate* or *Drury-lane*, and acted the Oyster-Wench to the Life. Now and then, she would stop to draw Breath, and begin afresh, and by diversifying her Terms, expatiated on the Subject, as if it was never to be exhausted ; the Maid trembled, the Husband blushed, and I stood amazed like a Dog in a Dancing School, without being able to guess at the Cause of this dreadful Hurricane ; I concluded, when my Astonishment would give me Time to think, that the Criminal at the Bar had been certainly guilty of Monkey Slaughter, or some such heinous Crime, to provoke all this Rage, and looked about for poor Pug, whom I found close up in the Chimney Corner ; the poor Animal I believe was terrified with the Lady's Noise, and sat snug out of the Way, lest he might have some Share of what was a-going. I pulled him out, and to keep myself in Countenance, put him on exercising some of his Tricks ; he performed something by Accident, which tickled Madam's Fancy, and from the most violent Fit of Rage, threw her into an equally extravagant Fit of Laughter ; the Maid took the Hint, asked her Ladyship's Commands, she was ordered to get the Choco-

Chocolate ready, and in a few Minutes a dead Calm succeeded that mighty Storm: We had then Courage to enquire the important Cause, and found it proceeded from the placing of a Pin with the Head downwards, which should have been upright. The Lady made me a handsome Apology for her Rudeness, and when the Maid returned with the Chocolate, she made her a Present of a Silk Night-Gown she had dressed in the Day before, and told us if she could not find out a Way to conquer her Passion, she must have a Wardrobe as large as that of the Queen of France, to supply her with Peace-Offerings to her Maids.

The Woman's Fortune paid for her Folly, but how many *Furiosa's* are there, who can make no such Recompence to those who are obliged to stand the Shock of their Railings; and how can such a Woman atone to a Man of Taste, who happens to be wedded to her, for that Agony of Mind, that Compunction he feels, when he sees a Woman he loves act a Part, not only so much beneath her Quality, but below common Sense, or even Humanity. At these Periods, your *Furiosa's* are void of every rational Faculty, have no other Title to Humanity, but that they walk erect, and deserve infinitely less Pity and Compassion than their Fellow-Lunatics in Bedlam.

The *Outragious* is the last, and most dangerous Class of passionate People; these are not only opprobrious with their Tongues, and loud in their impertinent Passion, but

*The Out-
ragious is
the Third
and last
Class.*

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follow them with Blows, and observe no Prudence in their Frenzy; they are made up of the same combustible Matter with the other two, are easily provoked, have as little Malice in their Heart, but are much more dangerous to Society; the others use no Weapon but their Tongues; they either allow their Choler to boil inwardly and consume themselves, or give it Vent in impertinent Railings; but the *Outragious* flies beyond all Bounds, catches at the first Weapon in his Way, and attacks all indiscriminately within his reach, without any regard to the fatal Consequences. Some Years ago, I chanced to be in the Shop of a noted Colour-Man, somewhere in *Middlesex*, who is unhappily subject to this Degree of Madness; he called to his Apprentice to reach him a certain Colour, which the Youth mistook, and handed him another; Villain, Blockhead, Ass, with a long List of Epithets, and horrible Execrations; followed; the Lad in very modest Terms said, "Sir, " I really understood you wanted that, but " if you will please to tell me what it is I " shall bring, I shall rectify the Mistake." " What, you Dog, do you chatter!" replied the enraged Shopkeeper, and with these Words, took up a fourteen Pound Weight which lay upon the Counter, and let fly at his Apprentice. The young Man, who it seems was acquainted with his Tricks, had kept his Eye upon his Master, and by flight of Heels escaped the fatal Blow, but a few Inches from his Head; then returning, took up

The Character of a mad Colour-Man.

up the Weight, and very calmly asked where he should place it : This Behaviour quelled his Rage, and gave me a very high Idea of the Lad's Presence of Mind and Patience, though but a mean Opinion of the Fury of his Master. The Shopkeeper, upon recollecting the Danger his Apprentice had escaped, and concerned for the Astonishment he saw me in, made some faint Apology for his Temper, and soothed his Servant by giving him a very high Character in his Hearing : However, this could not reconcile me to the Man I saw so much a Slave to his Passion ; I reflected, that if the Weight had hit the Mark it was aimed at, his being sorry for it, and having no Malice in his Heart when he threw it, would have been but small Attonement for the Loss of the young Man's Life. I blessed Providence that no Mischief happened, and was convinced in my own Mind, that nothing less than the over-ruling Hand of Heaven, could avert the many Dangers to which these kind of passionate People subject themselves, and those they converse with ; the Frequency of these kind of People, made me reflect how wisely our Law has contrived the Distinction of Manslaughter and Murder, a Term known in no other Country on Earth, but in *England* ; for all over *Europe*, where Murder ensues, without the Circumstance of Self-Defence is committed, it is deemed and punished Capitally, the Fact itself is always Presumption of Malice ; but as in *England* our Tempers are as variable as the Wind,

and as suddenly changed, the Distinction is very justly established: But, methinks, as the Legislature has provided, that this kind of People should be indulged with the Privilege of Lunaticks, so for the Safety of the Community, like them, they ought to be tied up to their good Behaviour, or at least a Mark set upon them like an ill-natured Ox, that innocent People might be upon their Guard, and avoid their Haunts, as they would those of any other Wild Beast. Whatever Mischance they, or any other of the Species commit, all the Excuse they can alledge is, I did it in a Passion; not reflecting that the very Excuse is a Crime in itself, and if a Man knows himself subject to this Degree of Frenzy, he is as culpable for his Crimes as any other; he ought to go unarmed, and one of his Hands tied to his Side, that he might not be capable of injuring his Fellow Subjects in these Fits of Rage.

*The Con-
sequence of
this Dis-
position.*

As to the Consequences of this unhappy Disposition, in all the Stages of it, I have in some Measure illustrated them in the foregoing Description; every Man's Experience must represent this kind of People in the most abject Light. How contemptible does a Man look when deprived of Rationality, and acting the Madman upon every trifling Occasion, or without any reasonable Provocation! Passion is the Nakedness of the Soul, and exposes him that is a Slave to it as much as if he stripped himself to the Skin at Noon. How much ashamed would a fine Lady be

to see herself exposed to her Servants and Domesticks without a Shift, yet she every Day, every Hour, discovers the most valuable Part of her Mind, stripped of its only Covering, Reason? Did she walk the Streets naked, she would appear but in the first original State of Nature, but her Soul undressed appears even beneath the Brute, in that very State it was left by the Fall, without one Ray or Glimpse of pristine Reason, which constitutes its Superiority over the Brute Creation.

Pride, like all other Vices, acts by Contradiction, and in this Case, stimulates a Passion, which begets the greatest Contempt; Pride, Obstinacy, and Conceit, raise and support this furious Tumult in the Mind; yet there is no one Action so much beneath a proud Woman, than thus yielding to sudden Gusts of every Passion: It is mean in all Stations of Life to be subject to such ridiculous Behaviour, and acknowledge ourselves Slaves to such low Humours; but in a Person of Rank or Quality, it bespeaks an Abjectness of Mind beneath Description. How mean must a Lady of Quality appear, when it is in the Power of her Footmen, her Postilion, the meanest Wretch that appears in her Presence, even the Cat, the Monkey, her Lap-Dog, and sometimes Things inanimate, to put her out of Temper, and ruffle her so much, as to make her forget to think, and use a Language in her Passion, which the Laundry-Maid would be ashamed to use if never so
highly

highly provoked! Whatever Person has the Power of raising my Temper, or exciting any undecent Passion, is upon a Level with me, and in some Cases superior, however distant our Stations in Life are. Is it Pride, then for a Lady to put herself upon a Footing with her Waiting-Maid, and outscold an Oyster-Wench for the misplacing of a Pin.

The general Consequence.

Were these unhappy People only ridiculous, their Foible would be beneath serious Animadversions, but it has more dreadful Consequences through all the Stages of Life: In general it imbitters all our Enjoyments; we live in a continued Hurricane, our Spirits are always upon the Fret, and our Blood in a constant Bubble; it destroys all civil Conversation; every one we converse with sits upon Thorns, lest they should inadvertently utter any Thing that might conjure up this turbulent Devil; our Servants dread us, our Children despise us, our Acquaintance shun us, and we are at best but tolerated by the Courtesy of Mankind.

Its Effects in the Married State when both are infected.

If we are single, we are likely to remain so, unless we have Art to dissemble our Weakness; but when married, there we find the bitter Effects of an ungovernable Temper: If two of the same fiery Materials are linked together, the House is a Hell upon Earth; they snarl and jarr at one another like two Cats hung by the Tail: That State, designed for social Happiness, becomes the Bane, the Curse of such a Couple; and the Moment they have discovered each the

the other's Nakedness of Soul, they with the indissoluble Chain were broke: One Jarr begets another; these often repeated begets Contempt; and that is certainly succeeded by mutual Hatred which ends in a Separation.

The Case has some Chance of being better when but one of the Parties only is possessed with this Devil; but even there, there is no Room for Happiness, no Hopes of Peace, unless Good Sense accompanies Good Nature: Without Forbearance in the dispassionate Person, he may catch the Contagion, and all the Consequences recur which happens in the preceding Case. However, I cannot say, but I think there should be a Law made, that passionate People should be chained to one another only; it is too great a Curse for any one who has not been guilty of Murder to be tied to one of these termagant Tempers; they ought to herd by themselves and breed together, lest they should propagate the Distemper among the uninfected Part of the Species.

Whether single or married, whether we live in high or low Life, the Foible is still contemptible, dangerous and unsociable; in high Life it is less excusable, because it is supposed such have the Advantage of a liberal Education to cultivate their Understanding, and teach them the Government of their Passions; yet it is of less Danger to themselves than when a Person in mean Circumstances is infected with this Disease of the Mind; the Rich, the Great, have a Kind
of

*But more
dangerous
in Low
Life.*

of Toleration from their Rank and Fortune to be impertinent ; and they have it in their Power to atone for their Caprice to such as are subjected to them : But the middle Station, and the other Extream of Life, have no such Advantages ; their good Behaviour, Good-Nature, and Complaisance is half the Fund they have to carry them through the World. Would we employ a Servant, a Tradesman, or Mechanick subject to this Infirmary ? None sure that can shun it : If I am to lay out my Money I expect to be used with Civility, and to converse with a rational Creature ; but when I deal with one of these testy Creatures, of whatever Class they are, whether the Peevish, the Noisy, or the Outragious, I subject myself almost to a certain Affront, if not to worse Usage ; Is it not reasonable then, that I should avoid such, and carry my Custom where I may rationally expect Usage suitable to my Station, at least consistent with Good Sense and Good Manners ! How many Instances must occur to the Reader, of Tradesmen, Mechanicks, and Publicans, who have fretted themselves out of a flourishing Trade, and scolded themselves into a Jail ! Whereas, if they had put a reasonable Restraint upon their Tempers, they might have lived and died in Plenty and Reputation.

*Preys up-
on our
Health.*

This Foible not only affects our Interest, robs us of Friends and Subsistence, and imbitters every present Enjoyment, but it preys upon our Health and wastes our Constitution ; look at most of your peevish People,
and

and they are pale, wan-visaged, have haggard Looks, and sunk Eyes, and scarce live out half their Days ; they exhaust so much of their natural Spirits in these Tumults of the Mind, that Nature is not able to supply the Want, so that the Passion preys upon the radical Stock, and wastes the vital Heat ; the Havock it commits upon Beauty is much more terrible than the Small-Pox. What a Devastation do a few Fits of Passion commit upon the delicate Features of a blooming Beauty ! The lost Lines in the Age of Beauty are quickly distorted, and the Eye, that Index of the Mind, loses its brilliant Softness, rolls wildly in its Sockets, and denotes the Hag and Fury ; but this is too trivial a Consideration, on a Subject so important to the Peace and Happiness of a rational Being.

The dreadful Effect of this Soul-blasting Vice, is not confined to our own Persons, *It affects our Posterity.* and obnoxious to our Acquaintance of the present Generation, but we convey it to our Posterity, and entail the fiery Plague on our Offspring to the latest Ages : Whether we acquire it by Habit, or have it otherwise, it contaminates the whole Mass of Blood, and then becomes Constitutional to our Issue : This ought to make us consider, that we are answerable for the Unhappiness of those we give Being to ; nay, are chargeable with every rash Action they are guilty of ; with all the Murders, Broils, and Mischiefs this passionate Fury may occasion in Society, for Centuries after we are rotten in our Graves :

Graves : This is the original Sin, the radical Taint we bequeath to our Posterity ; therefore I would, with Leave of the Divines, charge the Parents with the Sins of their Children of the Third and Fourth Generation, rather than the Sins of the Parents upon the Children, since it is evident, that whatever Method we acquire the Temper, we may either root it out of the Mind, or conquer its Effects ; the Proof of which is the Intent of the remaining Pages of this Essay.

If the passionate Disposition is owing to a radical Taint, or the Predominancy of natural Humours in the Blood, I am not so sanguine as to imagine that Man, without supernatural Assistance, can alter a Disposition resulting from such Causes. The Formation of our Juices are not in our own Power, nor can the Philosophy of Reason, nor the Skill of Physick, alter or correct their constituent Parts. The Taint must still remain, and the whole Mass continue subject to Impressions from without, in which we are entirely passive ; but though a Person so unhappily formed by Nature, cannot alter the Constitution of his Blood, nor hinder it from being affected by Objects from without, according to Laws depending upon its Texture, yet he can check the Effects of his Disposition, and confirm the turbulent Motion within his own Breast : This is a hard Task, an Herculean Labour to some, at least till they have made the Experiment ; but this Labour is to be performed if undertaken with Courage, and persevered in with Patience and Resolution : Let us but
take

*If we can
not eradicate it,
we can
subside its
Effects.*

take any of the Appetites which are as natural to us as this, and depends as much upon the Nature of our Constitution, and try, if it is possible to bridle them. Lust, for Instance, which in some is as violent as can be imagined: A Person naturally addicted to this Vice, cannot help being excited by proper Objects; thus far he is passive, and in my Opinion, in no Shape culpable; but he may chuse, if, or not, he will submit to that Emotion: If he does unreasonably, then he is a Slave to that Brutal Appetite; but if he abstains as often as he is tempted, he has then got the Master of it, though he has made no Alteration in the natural Humours of his Body, which roll on in their wonted Channel. In the same Manner a passionate Man, though from the Texture of his Blood he is easily moved, and every Trifle sets him a boiling, yet, if he exerts his Reason and Reflection, he may chuse to give vent to these turbulent Emotions.

That this is possible, may be proved from Analogy, as thus; We are very sure, that this Disposition is to be acquired; if it is, what Reason can be alledged why the contrary Change cannot be effected? If a Man, remarkably phlegmatick, may by Habit acquire the Action, the Expression, and Disposition of the most cholerick Person on Earth, may we not naturally conclude, that the Cholerick may become phlegmatick? But I do not carry the Argument so far, I only contend, that the most passionate Man alive, by the Help of his Reason, may hinder this

Dis-

*The In-
stance of
the Philo-
sopher.*

Disposition from betraying outwardly any thing that shall render him either troublesome or contemptible, and that by degrees he may even acquire a Share of inward Composure : Of this Sort was the Stagerite Philosopher, as appears by the known Story of the Physiognomist, who publickly in his School told him he was cholerick, &c. His Scholars knowing that their great Master's Behaviour bespoke a quite different Disposition, treated the Fellow with Contempt, and as an Impostor ; but the Philosopher checked their Impertinence, by telling them, the Judgment passed on his Temper was just, for that was his natural Disposition, the Effects of which he had conquered by Philosophy, but could not alter the Nature of Things.

But we need not go so far back as the Antients for Instances of this Self-Conquest ; our Age, I believe, produces us many, and might many more, if the Publick could be perswaded of the Possibility of Success.

*Of Hor-
tensius.*

Hortensius was unhappily Heir to his Mother's Passion as well as his Father's Estate : While his Age could only be numbered by Days and Weeks, he discovered the inherent Taint, the Mother's peevish, fretful, violent Disposition. This Temper grew up with him, and took the deeper Root, as he was the Mother's Darling, and indulged to all the Height of Extravagance. With great Difficulty he finished his Studies, and became Master of the Accomplishments suitable to his Birth : He had too much Impatience in his Temper to dip into abstracted Science,

or

or indeed to acquire any more than a superficial Knowledge of any thing that required Application: However, about the Age of twenty-one he came up to *London*, and gained the Character of a fine Gentleman from every body who had but a slender Acquaintance with him, but to his Intimates he appeared in his own Colours: All his Qualifications were absorbed in an impetuous fiery Temper: A young Gentleman, who courted a Sister of his, contracted an Intimacy with him, and had so much Good Nature and Good Sense as to put up with his capricious Humour, and helped him out of several Scrapes into which that silly Disposition had involved him; a mutual Friendship grew up insensibly between them, and *Hortensius* valued *Theodore* more than his own Brother: They continued this Amity for several Months, when an unhappy Acciput an End to the Life of the one, and the Peace of the other.

Theodore had been one Evening with some Company, with whom he had drank pretty freely, and came Home to his Lodgings, where he found his dear Friend *Hortensius* waiting for him: They immediately entered into Conversation, which turned upon the Ladies, with whom *Theodore* had been in Company that Day. That Gentleman was unhappily led to give a Description of one of them, which he did in somewhat warmer Terms than *Hortensius's* Caprice thought consistent with the Love *Theodore* professed to his Sister; he taxed him with Ingratitude,

tude, Treachery, &c. all in a Breath : *Theodore* endeavoured to persuade him out of his Error ; but those kind of People are not to be convinced till their Passion subsides : The more *Theodore* protested his Innocence, the more *Hortensius* seemed to be convinced of his Falshood, and loaded him with opprobrious Language ; which the other being somewhat flustered, contrary to his usual Calmness, returned, till *Hortensius's* Blood was wound up to the last Degree of Phrensy, and in his Fury drew his Sword, and run his unarmed Friend through the Body. The Act was no sooner done than *Hortensius* returned to his Senses, which he could enjoy but a few Moments, when he reflected on the horrid Deed. *Theodore* died in his Arms in about two Minutes, and with his last Breath forgave and blessed his Murderer. When he saw him Breathless, Horror, Passion, and Compunction checked his Utterance, and deprived him of Reflection ; he remained fixed upon the Body, till some of *Theodore's* Servants came in, and saw the tragic Scene : When Grief would let him speak, he accused himself with all the exag-gerating Circumstances that could attend the blackest Murder, and by his own Direction was carried before a Magistrate, who committed him ; the Coroner's Inquest sat on the Body, and brought in their Verdict, *Manlaughter*. He stood a formal Trial, and the Jury confirmed the Coroner's Verdict ; thus he escaped the Punishment by the common Excuse that all passionate People have,

have, It was done in a sudden Fit of Passion; but he was not acquitted in his own Conscience, he was sensible he must one Day appear before a Tribunal, where no such Law-Distinctions would be admitted; and that he was culpable so far as he had not attempted to keep this unruly Passion of his subject to the Dictates of Reason. These Reflections on what had passed, determined him to employ the Remainder of his Life in obtaining this Self-Conquest: In order to effect it, he laid aside his Sword, and would not so much as wear a Cane, and pitched upon a Gentleman, a Relation of his in low Circumstances, to go down into the Country with him, to whom he gave the same Power over himself, as a Keeper has over a Madman. It was this Gentleman's Business, whenever he found him in a Passion, to check him, and if nothing else would do, was to force him to his Closet till he came to himself; he had Liberty to contradict him in what he pleased, and send him to his Cell if he fired upon it. What by the Help of his Friend and his own Resolution, in less than six Months, he could talk for an Evening together without one peevish Expression escaping him; and within the Year could hold an Argument, and admit Contradiction with as much Calmness as a Philosopher; and is now in the actual Enjoyment of his Friends, and all his Faculties, which he never was before: He has indeed a little melancholly Cast in his Conversation, on account of that fatal Accident, the Impression of
which

which he cannot so soon wear off, but is a rational, complaisant, and inoffensive Companion, though not over and above facetious : It is now seven Years since his Conversion, and he reckons it the only Part of his Life wherein he existed ; he accounts himself now seven Years old, and confesses, that he has enjoyed himself and his Friends in that Period, more than he could have done in forty Years, had he continued a Madman : He has converted the Apartment he used to call his Cell into a Chapel, and his Guardian goes at this Time by the Name of Dr. *Monroe* over all that County. This is but one Instance, of many which might be given of this Self-Conquest ; but this is sufficient to demonstrate the Possibility. That it is to be effected by Patience and Reason is past all Dispute ; but I would not have People stay so long to be awakened out of their mad Dream by so fatal an Accident as forced *Hortensius* upon the Trial. I chuse that Instance, with this View to insinuate, that there is not an Hour any these passionate People live, wherein they are sure that they shall not be guilty of something for which their Life is too short for Repentance ; and from this Consideration to move them, not to delay entering upon this Task, till they are awakened by some such fatal Catastrophe. I have frequently conversed with *Hortensius* both before and since the Accident, and he assured me, that the Difficulty was not by half so great as it appeared before Trial. The first Step he took was to
resolve

resolve within himself to be very slow of Speech, and in his own Mind to count ten before he uttered a Word in answer to any thing addressed to him: Habit in a few Weeks made this not only easy but natural to him, intomuch, that it would be difficult for him to deliver himself without that decimal Pause: He then resolved not to be angry; and to accustom himself to Contradiction, used with his Doctor to take the wrong Side of an Argument: By this Pause before Utterance, he had Time to weigh what had been said in all its Circumstances, and to check any Petulancy of Expression, he had been habituated to use. He owned, indeed, that Contradiction was what he found most difficult to bear; that by stifling his Passion on these Occasions, his Nose has gushed out with Blood, and the Buttons started from his Coat by the Swelling of his Rage; he feels still some Emotions upon being hastily contradicted, yet he can stifle them, and they seem daily to grow less uneasy to him.

If then a Person who has this Evil inherent in his Constitution, can so far get the better of it as to conceal its Effects, and make it more tolerable to himself, I apprehend it is a very natural Conclusion, that such as have acquired it by Habit, may cure themselves with half the Labour. With them, it wants only to be begun; their Constitution, which we suppose differently disposed by its own Nature, will co-operate with their Endeavours.

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But whether this Foible is radical or habitual, the sooner and earlier we begin to root it out of the Mind the less Pain, the less Time is required to effect it ; and the Success of the Experiment may be depended on with greater Certainty : In Children, there is no room to doubt, but their Minds may be moulded into what Form we please, if we watch the natural Appearance of their Temper, and prune or nourish their Buds, according as they are good or evil : When this Wildfire begins to appear in a Child, moderate Chastisement upon every Discovery of Peevishness will soon tame their Violence ; accustoming them to little Disappointments in their Way, improves their Patience ; and an obstinate Contradiction to every thing that may encourage Self-will or Conceit is absolutely necessary. It is surprising, that Parents should take so little Care of the Education of their Children ; we see them anxious to raise a straight Elm in their Avenue to prune the Luxuriance, and cure the Blemishes that may appear in the Orange-Tree or Citron ; yet they allow, the Soul, the better Part of their Son and Heir, to grow up crooked, warped and blemished with monstrous Passions, which it is as much in their Power to prevent, as it is to keep the Exoticks in their Green-House in a due Temperature of Heat. It requires Labour, Attention, and Judgment, but the Pleasure resulting to us from a faithful Discharge of our Duty, more than overpays all our Anxieties. When we reflect, that by our Diligence

gence we have preserved the Features of a beautiful Child from the Mischiefs of the Small Pox, how do we exult and pride ourselves in the great Exploit? But with how much more real Pleasure may we solace ourselves, when we have cleansed the Soul from the Wrinkles of Passion, and the ugly Scars of Rage, Violence, and Folly?

In a word, whether we perform the Cure upon ourselves or upon our Children, the Motives to induce us to attempt it, are such as must have Weight with any thing that pretends to Rationality: If to free us from the lowest Contempt, to remove us from the imminent Dangers to which Passion subjects us; if to promote our Interest, and soften all Enjoyments; if to secure our own Peace and that of our Posterity, are Motives that can influence our Understanding, every Man will attempt to bridle this Passion, and free himself from the Slavery of so base a Foible.



O N

Envy, Malice, and Detraction:

BY WAY OF

A P P E N D I X.



WE have seen in the preceding Pages, the many Misfortunes attendant on a passionate Disposition, considered in the most favourable Light, without any Mixture of Malice or habitual Ill-Nature: If it appears so deformed when joined to a natural good Disposition, how monstrous, how shocking must the Picture be, when we describe it as accompanied with these horrid Vices, Envy, Malice, and Detraction? We have allowed that, generally speaking, the passionate Man has a Mixture of Humanity and Benevolence in his Temper, when in his lucid Intervals of Reason; and we have likewise seen, that the passionate Man, by long continuing a Slave to his Passion, has by Degrees lost all Tincture of Good-Nature, and degenerated into a brutal, envious, and malicious Creature; Such

is the Nature of Vice and vicious Habits, that they never remain long in the same Degree; if they are allowed to go on without Controul from Reason, they increase in Magnitude, and multiply by insensible Degrees, till they have occupied the whole Soul, and totally eradicated every Principle of Virtue from the Human Mind. No Man becomes vicious all at once; there is a natural Repugnance to Evil in our Nature, which only Habit and a long Continuance in the Practice of Vice can totally efface. Vice appears at first under the Disguise of some present or distant Prospect of Good, and never discovers its natural Deformity, but in its dreadful Effects, when it is too late for us to conquer the Force of Habit, and that Inclination which has stolen upon the Mind, by considering it in a different Light; therefore we are to watch the first Appearance of Mischief, and check every Tendency in our Disposition that may lead us to a Familiarity with any immoral Affection, and especially to endeavour to check those unruly Sallies of our Temper, which naturally taint the Soul with the Principles of Vice and vicious Habits.

Those Vices which are to be the Subject of these Pages, however ugly they are when grown to full Maturity, have yet not so ugly an Appearance when they make their first Approaches to the Mind: They proceed from a strong, but natural Principle, *viz. Envy, &c.* Self-Love, a Principle which we are by no means to endeavour to eradicate, but only *proceeds from Self-Love.*

to direct to proper Objects, and govern by the Rules of Reason ; but Self-Love is so strong and prevalent in most Men, that it hurries them on without Reflection, to every thing that promises but the most distant Prospect of Good, without giving them leave to consider if the Good they attained is suitable to their natural Happiness, or if the Means are consonant to Justice. Self-Love then of itself, or a Desire of Happiness, is by no means blameable ; on the contrary, it is the End of our Being as well as the necessary Support of it ; but when that Principle leads us to Envy, Malice, and Detraction, then it becomes vicious ; because we make a wrong Election, and pursue Means to obtain Happiness, which cannot be effective to ourselves, and are destructive to the Peace of the general System of which we are a Part.

A Definition of Envy :

Envy is that Uneasiness we find in our Mind, when we see or reflect upon the Happiness of our Neighbour ; I distinguish it from Malice, only in Degree, for the malicious Man finds himself uneasy under the Reflection of his Neighbour's Happiness, envies him, and wishes himself in his Place ; and goes a Degree farther, takes a malicious Pleasure in his Misery, and endeavours all in his Power to deprive him of the envied Happiness, or to do him any other Mischief ; but the envious Man, who has arrived at but one Degree of Malice, frets within himself when he apprehends his Neighbour possessed of any Good which he thinks himself capable

ble of, but has not yet arrived to that Pitch of Wickedness, as to be capable of doing him any material Mischief.

This first Step of Evil proceeds from the *The Pro-* Consideration of our own Worth, which our *gress of* Self-Love always magnifies; we fancy our- *Envy.*

selves as much, if not more, deserving than our Neighbour; and think that Providence has overlooked our Merit, when any thing is the Lot of our Neighbour which is not ours: It is observable, that Envy in People who are grown up, supposes a kind *Takes* of Equality among the Parties; for we seldom *Place most* see the lower Class of People envy the *among E-* Greatness of those of superior Rank, or Peo- *quals.*

ple much elevated above them; but their Envy has no Bounds, if they see one of their own Class remarkably happy. There the Comparison between themselves and the fortunate Man is easily made, and they consume with inward Discontent, that it has not been their Fate to be so raised or distinguished, since they are sure they have superior Merit; they have been constantly accustomed to think themselves upon a Level, and on most Occasions in their own Mind give themselves the Preference to all of their own Class. Therefore, when one of them happens to be elevated, they really suppose themselves degraded in Proportion: After they have smothered their secret Sorrow for his Promotion as long as they can; they endeavour to comfort themselves as much as possible, by attempting to lessen the happy Man all in their Power. This is the first

Spring

*Begets
Slander
and De-
traction.*

Spring of Detraction, Slander and Back-biting; for the envious Man seeing by some Means or other his Neighbour raised above him, since he cannot raise himself to the same Degree of Happiness, thinks he gains in some Measure the Ground he had lost, if he can lessen the happy Man's Reputation; which he does by picking up all the little Stories that can render him contemptible or ridiculous: His Birth, his Pedigree, and Education, are searched into for Materials to mortify his Pride, and every Slander hatched to the Disadvantage of his Reputation, in order to lessen him in the Esteem of Mankind.

It is surprising what Lengths some People will go on such Occasions, when Envy has once taken Possession of their Hearts: The minutest Addition to our Neighbour's Fortune or Happiness, deprives us of all Relish of the Enjoyment of what we ourselves possess, and sets us upon racking our Invention, how to mix Bitterness with our Neighbour's Felicity: I should here naturally turn my Eyes to the Ladies, who are said to be most culpable on the Score of Slander founded upon Envy, but I chuse to give them Quarter for the present, out of Complaisance to the Sex, and shall confine myself to my own Sex, where I am afraid Envy is as much predominant as among the Fair, only better disguised.

*It is less
excusable
in Men
than Wo-
men.*

I must say this for the Ladies, that a great Part of their Tea-Table Scandal, proceeds more from a gossiping Humour or Itch of talking,

talking, than from any settled Malice in their Disposition to their absent Friends, with whose Reputation they are sometimes too familiar. If Envy at all enter into their Composition, it is only raised by some important Trifle, a Scruple or two of Beauty, a new Mantua, a Stripe of Livery, an additional Horse, or supernumerary Coach, at most a Gallant or a Monkey; and their Slander reaches no further than in Proportion to the Importance of the Cause, and consequently is confined to Reflection on absent Beauty. Some Whispers about a spoiled Shape, and modish Intrigues, and such like Trifles, which have no Effect upon the absent Party's Reputation among the polite Part of the World; but when the Spirit of Slander and Detraction possesses the Males, the Thing becomes of serious Consequence to the Peace of Society, and whole Families may be ruined by a Whisper, and undone by an envious Shrug.

As to the Mischief which Envy and Slander may do at St. James's, I am not much at Leisure to consider it; only in general, I believe it more practised in that Quarter, *Is of worse* and of less dangerous Consequence, than at *Conse-* the *Royal-Exchange*. Truth, Sincerity, Benevolence, and Friendship, are so unfashionable in that Climate, I believe no Man in his Wits believes what another says, and consequently, whether he speaks well or ill of his Neighbour, it is of equal Weight with the Man of Sense; but among the middling Rank of People, who have a Sense of Honour, *quence a-*
mong mid-
dling Peo-
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nour, I mean of Honesty, and are not ashamed of Truth and Benevolence, the envious Character must appear most odious, and the Bane of Public Peace. It is the Reverse of Benevolence; the benevolent Man is pleased with the Happiness of every Individual, and his sole View is the Prosperity of the Public; but the envious Creature repines at all Good which does not ultimately center in the Gratification of his little selfish Schemes; and is so far from promoting the Happiness of his Fellow Creatures, that he does all he can to obstruct their Pleasure, and disappoint their Views. Such a Temper has every Ingredient in it that composes a Dæmon, except the Power of doing so much Mischief. Had *Mirario* Powers and Faculties equal to the Enemy of Mankind, the Mischief he would do would be equal; for he never sees any Increase of his Neighbour's Fortune, though in the natural Course of Things, but he inwardly repines at his Happiness, and from that Moment commences his Enemy, and studies all in his Power to lessen his Credit, blast his Reputation, and ruin his Fortune. What can have a greater Resemblance to the Nature of the Devil than such a Disposition? And yet a Degree of this Spirit of Dæmonism possesses every Man more or less as he is tainted with Malice, Envy, or Detraction: How cautious then ought we to be to guard against the first Approaches of so odious a Habit! I have already observed, that no Man becomes wicked all at once; he advances by Degrees,

gill

till he arrives at as much as his Nature is capable of, which a Man may be said to do when he has become thoroughly malicious; that Word comprehending every other Degree of Wickedness, which Human Nature is capable of.

This Vice first approaches us in the Shape of an immoderate Degree of Self-Love: *The Steps by which we become malicious.* Pride, and Conceit of our own Worth, is the first Step to be envious. When we are

possessed of this vicious Degree of Pride, we listen with Pleasure to the Scandal uttered by others, and become every Conversation less shocked with the Deformity of Slander.

After being some Time pleased with being only Hearers of Defamation, we join in the Discourse, and furnish some trivial Hints to finish the dark Parts of our absent Friend's Picture. This we may be led into at first, perhaps out of Complaisance to our Company, and out of no real Ill-will, but in a little Time further we relish it for its own Sake, and contract the slandering Habit: After continuing some Time in this gossiping Disposition, by often indulging ourselves to represent our Neighbour in a disagreeable Point of Light, we really begin to fancy the Character real; like a Man who has told a Lie so often, that at last he begins to believe it true; and consequently we learn to despise our Friend, and in a little Time really to hate him: Thus we have at last become malicious, and perverted every good-natured Faculty to Spleen, Rancour and Ill-Nature.

From the Analysis of Malice, and the gradual Steps by which it grows upon us, we may learn the Means to check it in its Origin, and stop its Progress in all its Stages.

The Method and Motive to enable us to get the better of these Habits.

We are to observe the Progress of Self-Love, and cross its inordinate Emotions; watch the first Dawnings of Pride in the Mind; and to balance its Power, and check its Growth, we are to examine our several Failings as well as our Perfections, and upon summing up the Account fairly, we must undoubtedly find more Causes of Compunction, greater Reason for being ashamed of ourselves, than of being proud of our natural or acquired Endowments. We should not so much consider ourselves with respect to other Men, as what we ought to be, what we owe to our Nature, and how much we fall short of the obvious Design of our Being. An Examination of this kind will always furnish us with sufficient Matter to mortify our Pride, and hinder us from believing that there is any thing due to our Merit; and if we are once convinced of our own intrinsic Worthlessness, Envy will never take Place in our Soul. Again, if we consider how much of our own Happiness depends upon the Felicity of the System of Mankind, we shall find abundant more Reason to exult at their Prosperity than to repine. If we consider what we would wish to be done to ourselves in similar Cases, we must abhor Envy, Malice, and Detraction, and despise such as display any Degree of Propensity to these odious Habits: If we view the Mischiefs
these

these breed in Society in general, and the Deluge of Calamities they bring upon Individuals, we must abhor them as we do the Thoughts of Annihilation: But without respect to the rest of the Society, our own inward Peace and Satisfaction call upon us to use all our Endeavours to root them out of the Soul. What a dismal gloomy Life does the malicious Man possess! While all Nature is chearful and gay, and Pleasure fills the whole Circle of Life, Misery and Discontent sits brooding in his Soul, and he is lost to all Relish of Being, all Sense of Peace or Enjoyment. Those very Objects which give Pleasure to the rest of his Species, are so many Racks and Torments to his envious Mind, and furnish every Moment fresh Matter to augment his Spleen and Horror: If he tastes any Moments of fleeting Pleasure, it is only in Concert with the Damned, where they find a malicious Dawn of Joy upon the Prospect of any Misery to Mankind.

How different from this is the Happiness *The Character of* of the benevolent and truly good-natured Man! He reckons himself a Citizen of the *the Benevolent Man.* World, and exults when any Portion of Happiness falls to the Lot of any of his Species, and much more if to that of his Neighbour: He fancies himself born not for his own Good chiefly, but to augment the Happiness of his Species; and can relish no Action that has not Humanity for its End, and is to be attained by the Exercise of the most extensive Benevolence: If he is possessed of
Know-

Knowledge or Wisdom, he knows a small Share of these will suffice for his own Wants; therefore he concludes, he was trusted with these Talents by the bountiful Creator, only as a Steward for the Good of his Fellow Creatures: He always offers his Advice without Pride or Ostentation, and consults the Interest of his Neighbour, without Hopes of Reward. Is he richer than his Fellow Citizen? He does not arrogate to himself any Merit from the transitory Treasures of Earth, but uses them with Moderation and Oeconomy, and disperses them among the Indigent and innocently Distressed, - with Judgment and Generosity. Is another richer or wiser than he? He is far from envying him, he knows these and all Things else are the Gifts of a beneficent Creator, who has given to all such Advantages as contribute most to the Good of the Species. He bears with the Frailties of Human Nature, as he knows himself possessed of innumerable Infirmities, which though he may disguise and conceal from short-sighted Men, yet are all apparent to the Searcher of Hearts, and that from him we all stand in need of that Indulgence which we owe to others, though too often denied through Pride, Passion, and Malice: In a word, he is happy in himself, as conscious of no Guilt, but what is the Result of Humanity; and can feel no Joy but what arises from the Reflection of having merited the Good-Will of his Fellow Creatures: Nor can any thing disturb the calm Tranquility of his Mind but suffering Innocence; then indeed

deed he feels the bitterest Agonies; which are only to be alleviated by his Endeavours to relieve the Object, and if that is out of his Power, his Prayers and Wishes are not; and then his Comfort is drawn from that never-failing Fountain of Pleasure, the Reflection that all Things are governed by a Being infinitely Good, infinitely Wise, and infinitely Powerful; who will turn all Events to the Happiness of those that are truly virtuous.

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